

Wednesday, June 17, 1891.

Only a Bunch of Roses.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pining then quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one person present who did not admire it. He bright, sunny face, her dignified yet gentle bearing, her winsome smile upon tired and fretful children, who had traveled many a weary mile, her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle, were all noticed in a quiet way.

In the seat in front of her was a crippled child, and a sad-looking, thin girl, whose earthly life was destined to be very short. She looked over her shoulder a number of times at Madge, and finally she said wistfully, with some hesitation:

"Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?"

"Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so," was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge. "You don't look a bit tired," was her first observation.

Madge smiled into the questioning face.

"I am tired," she said, "I have just begun my day."

"I am not tired. I've come a long way," said Madge. "I couldn't sleep last night, my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you've got! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live, —pa and I. Pa's in the smoking-car."

"Isn't your mother with you?"

"Ma's dead," was the reply; and the thin lips quivered. "We had to bury her away out in Colorado."

"You poor dear child!" said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

She unfastened the rosebuds from her girdle, and, taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose pale face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put an arm about her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at sight of the sleeping child; and as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said in a low voice, full of feeling:

"I'm not a prayin' man, miss, but may the Lord's blessing rest on ye forever for your kindness to me poor mitherless bairn!"

The travelers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring:

"I've been—in heaven,—pa;—I've got—some—roses."

The mist in the father's eyes seemed to have spread through the car. No word was spoken aloud concerning the little scene just over, but in many a heart there was heard the Voice divine whispering: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Bad Company.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus! but you can be quite sure that they will do me no harm. I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to effect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal: will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No—one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa—how could it? It's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"Oh, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: 'Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you.' Remember all your lifetime what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

When you ask for a thing, look for it. We so frequently ask for things and don't expect to get them, and, of course, we are like Mr. Spurgeon's student. One of Spurgeon's students said to him: "I am afraid I have mistaken my calling, and that the ministry really isn't my proper work."

"Why," said Spurgeon, "what is the reason you have come to that conclusion?"

"Well, I have been working in such a place for such and such a time, and I don't seem to have accomplished much."

"Why, man alive? You didn't expect that every time you preached a sermon somebody would be converted, did you?"

"No, of course I didn't expect that."

"Well, you don't get it then." Expect results, and you will find them.

What I Would Do.

If I were a rose  
On the garden wall,  
I'd look so fair,  
And grow so tall;  
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,  
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride,  
That's what I'd do,  
If I were you,  
Oh, little rose!

If I were a bird,  
With a nest in a tree,  
I'd sing a song  
So glad and free,  
That birds in gilded cages near  
Would pause to listen to my cheer,  
That's what I'd do,  
If I were you,  
Oh, gay, wild bird!

Fair little maid,  
If I were you,  
I should always try  
To be good and true;  
To be the merriest, sweetest child  
On whom the sunshine ever smiled,  
That's what I'd do,  
If I were you,  
Dear little maid!

For All.

From the Herald of Truth.

The Bible is one of those books in which every one may find what he needs for reproof, instructions, encouragement and warning in Christian life. The Bible is not a one-sided book, but treats men and women, parents and children, masters and servants, all alike. That is, it gives to each the advice that they need. In the 6th chapter of Paul's letter to the Ephesians we have very excellent instructions on those points. He says: "Children obey your parents in the Lord for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest live long on the earth. And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

We sometimes hear of some fathers who are very harsh and severe to their children. A father should be firm and decided, but he need not be harsh and cross, so that every one is afraid of him and are glad to get out of his way. I have heard of fathers who are always cross and peevish to their wives and children, so that they seldom, if ever speak a kind word to them. We are reminded of a verse in the spelling book, we used to recite when but a child:

"Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home,  
Where parents dwell and children meet,  
Quarrels should never come."

A father though he is head of the family and must rule and govern his household, so as to preserve order in his house, has no right as a citizen much less as a Christian, to be a tyrant, and make both his wife and children miserable. A wife has the right to claim kind and fair treatment at the hands of her husband. Children, while they often need correction and reproof, do not always need to be scolded or beaten. Many a father makes himself and his wife very unhappy by his cross and cruel ways; often drives his children from home and brings suffering and sorrow to those whom he should love and deal with tenderly by his unkind and unpleasant ways.

A man that always frets and scolds around home, is not much of a Christian, and there is not much use in a man finding fault with others, that they do not exercise love toward one another, while he is scolding all the time at home. The apostles tell us that we should not be bitter towards our children, and love and kindness and gentleness are all points that all should well regard. "The wisdom which is from above," the apostle says, "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

Let every one who is given to peevishness, and scolding, take these remarks to hearts and see if he cannot put on a cheerful face, be gentle and kind to those in his charge and care, and if he shows an example of kindness, love, gentleness and a meek and quiet spirit he will no doubt have no trouble to instill the same loving principles into all around him, and home will be a place where all will love together and rejoice together, and in this way they will even bear up loving remembrance the scenes of home and childhood. Remember that home needs the sunshine of love, to make it a pleasant home more than anything else, and kindness should be practiced at home in our families as well when abroad among strangers.

Kind Words.

Many persons speak to children habitually in a rough way, without realizing that they would not use the same tone in addressing any others over whom they had authority. A lady who was on a visit to a family, was in the nursery when a little girl was preparing for bed.

Addressing her in a lively, cheerful tone, she said, "Now let me see how quickly you will hop out of your dress into your night-gown, or something like that."

The child turned to her usual caretakers and said, "Why don't you speak that way instead of, 'Come now, get your clothes off.'"

They are not seldom provoked into ill humor, and then punished.

Kind words do not cost much. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EVOLUTION.—

A striking illustration of the influence of environment on animal forms may be quite easily produced, according to Dr. Winslow Anderson. If the embryo of the land salamander be taken from the egg and kept in water of moderate temperature, abundantly supplied with oxygen, and amply fed with small water animals, the organism is remarkably changed even in a single generation. The embryonic lungs remain undeveloped and gills grow instead, a rudder tail and even fins are gradually developed for the new function of swimming, and the unnecessary feet and legs become mere rudimentary appendages.

Snares.

Has the reader ever noticed that words beginning with an nearly always denote some disagreeable trick or habit? Let us take the first one presented by the dictionary—"Snarl"—to growl like a surly dog." How perfectly, in this word, does the sound agree with the sense! It is of Northern origin, of course. From the North came the dreaded barbarians who devastated the sunny lands of Southern Europe, and naturally they had words in keeping with their manners. Webster, in defining the verb to snarl, might have gone on to inform us that the growling seems to come through the nose of the performer; at any rate, the sound has in it a decided nasal twang, disposing the impatient listener to quote the old rhyme:

Said Aaron to Moses  
Let us cut off our noses.

Probably next to the mouth the nose is the feature by which ill-tempered persons can cause the greatest amount of discomfort, and when mouth and nose combine their forces, one feels the full significance of the expression, "a domestic aggravator." If this aggravator be the head of some much-to-be-pitied family, there is nothing to do but to let him severely alone—a snarler of mature years is beyond redemption; one can only think during some dismal breakfast-hour spent in his company, what a pity it is that he cannot be banished to the kennel, to breakfast in company with his four-legged conferees.

Probably Diogenes snarled—he was always trying to attract attention in one way or another—and cynic, the word that marks his so-called philosophy, is derived, as the reader knows, from *kyonos*, a dog; but then Diogenes had the grace to withdraw from domestic life, and betake himself to a tub, whereas the modern snarler would have no satisfaction in life if there were no homefolks to be made uncomfortable, and have their morning appetites (he is always worse in the morning than at any other time) spoiled by his goings-on.

A snarling soliloquy would bring no relief to the domestic Hamlet. There must be a Mrs. or a Miss Hamlet present to receive the information that the beef-steak is cold, or raw, or burned to a cinder, and the coffee is as weak as water, or so full of grounds that it isn't fit to drink. The snarler usually eats twice as much as any of his listeners, but this has nothing to do with the case; and though he helps himself twice to uneatable steak, and calls for a second cup of undrinkable coffee, he is, nevertheless, a very much injured individual.

Mother not to Blame.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seat-mate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard the teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seatmate.

"Jamie must have a very lovely mother, I think," said one; "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another, "but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him a miserable boy for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, they've laid it all to your mother."

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her name. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it: "I want to tell you—that that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

I don't think Tom thought at all what a brave thing he was doing; he did not think of anything but the wish to defend his mother; but when the teacher took his hand and said: "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future," he thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that, good or bad, all they do is laid to their mothers."

Parliamentarian Wages.

In Austria the pay is \$5 a day.

In France members of each House receive the same—\$5 per day.

In Germany members of both Houses receive about \$2.50 per day.

In Greece the Senators get \$100 per month and the Deputies \$50.

In Denmark the members of the Lathsting each receive about \$3.75 a day.

In Belgium each member of the Chamber of Representatives gets \$85 a month.

In Portugal the Peers and Commons are paid the same sum, which is about \$35 a year.

In Spain the members of the Cortes are not paid for their services, but enjoy many advantages and immunities.

In Switzerland the number in National Council get 2.50 per day, and the Council of the State, the Lower House, \$1.75.

In Italy the Senators and Deputies, are not paid at all, but they are allowed travelling expenses and certain other privileges whatever.

In the United States of America the members of both branches of Congress receive the same amount of pay—namely, \$5,000 per annum.

In Sweden the Diet receive \$30 for a session of four months but have to pay a fine of \$3 for every day's absence.

In Norway the members of the Storting receive \$3.50 per day during the session, which usually lasts six weeks, but which has been extended to that many months.

The Fatal Church Baffle.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation, convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the Gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare. At last the youth broke out:

"Do you know you was what did it?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand the strange language.

"I begun the business," returned the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday school. Don't you remember the Sunday school fair, when they first set up raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half-mad with excitement; so I used other folk's names, and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves! Their raffling is what did it! It ruined me!"

"I'll Sleep With Him To-night."

Sometimes I believe the little ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit who are heart broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but today only two are left.

The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start home, to telegraph his wife apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night."

The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "telegrams" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turped calmly in his bed, and said:

"Don't ky, mamma; I s'll s'leep wiv Dod 'oo know. Send Dod a tele-draf, and tell him I s'all s'leep wiv him to-night."

But the message went straight up there, without the clicking of wires or the rustling of wings.

Our Words.

BY MRS. N. M. LORR.

"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by words thou shalt be condemned. Mat. xii—37."

There's a maxim oft repeated  
By the thoughtless throng,  
We have often heard it uttered  
As we've passed along:  
Talk is cheap, alas! how seldom  
Do they stop to think,  
That our words may lead us  
Even to ruin's brink.

Careless words that grieve and injure,  
By the thoughtless throng,  
Bitter words of scorn and hatred,  
Spoke with vile intent,  
Words of jesting and of slander,  
Foolish and untrue,  
These are words that will condemn us,  
In the grand review.

If we'd speak as shall be reckoned  
To our best account,  
We must wash at Jesus' bidding,  
In the cleansing fount,  
And our lips be touched with holy  
Fire from above,  
Then our words will justify us,  
For they'll spring from love.

Words of sympathy and courage,  
To sustain the weak,  
Words of warning to the erring,  
Spoke with spirit meek,  
Words of counsel and instruction  
Given from day to day,  
Hopeful words to cheer the sad ones,  
On life's rugged way.

These will bring to us a blessing,  
While any other lead  
They'll secure our Lord's approval,  
Cansing joy and peace.  
Let us then be ever careful  
Of the words we say,  
They'll condemn or justify us  
In the judgment day.

GRAINS.

Theology is what man thinks about God. Salvation is what he knows about Him.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but not with what we are.

God always has an angel of help for those who are willing to do their duty.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

Above all things speak the truth. Your word must be your bond through life.

A man never gets so bad but that he likes to hear somebody say there is still some good in him.

In the day of prosperity we have many refugees to resort to. In the day of adversity, only one.

If we put off repentance another day we have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

The majority of the people live poor in order to die rich; it is a great delusion to live rich and die poor.

If I can put a touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying is like the bellows of a smith; he breathes, indeed, but he does not live.

Salvation means something more than being saved ourselves. It means coming into a life in which we seek to save others.

Doing is the great thing, for, if resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

Never did there exist a full faith in the divine word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart.

Beniah Land.

BY THE REV. E. C. WINSLOW.

Thou Beniah land! such peace within,  
A glorious rest from inbred sin;  
A rest that naught my soul can move,  
Centered and fixed in Jesus' Love.

Thou Beniah Land! in thee I live,  
And from thee I receive  
All needful blessings full and free,  
Thou art the chosen land for me!

Thou Beniah Land! so rich thy store,  
Enough for all forever more;  
Enough for each, none need despair,  
Thy love so free the world may share.

The Beniah land that lies before  
From Pharaoh's top I now explore;  
My hope is anchored in that clime,  
And faith now claims that land as mine.

And in that home I soon shall rest,  
Its earnest here I now possess;  
Thou Beniah Land, this earnest given,  
In peace on earth and rest in heaven.  
Freeport, Ill.

How Spurgeon Found Christ.

I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being ever felt more of the terror of God's law, I can, indeed, pity and sympathize with him. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" contains, in the main my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seems to have never known.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had sinned against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I know of. I searched the word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the gospel. I was in a Christian land; I had Christian parents; but I did not fully understand the freedom and simplicity of the gospel plan.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe I did not hear the gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved. There was another admirable man who always preached the law; but what was the use of plowing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great practical preacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the maneuvers of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost on me. I know it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" but I did not know what it was to believe on Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been the goodness of God in sending a snow-storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel.

The Primitive Methodist are a very useful body, taking the poorest of the poor and lifted them up from the dust heap to set among the princes. In that chapel there might be a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning: snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, tailor or something of that sort, went up in the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed; but this man was really stupid, as you would say. If a man could have spoiled a sermon he would have done it. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

He did not even pronounce the words right, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a simple text indeed. It says, 'Look.' Now that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger it is just 'Look.' Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Any one can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto me.' Ay," said he, in broad Essex, "many on ye are looking unto yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to him by-and-by. Jesus Christ says, look unto Me."

Some of you say, "I must wait the Spirit's working." You have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs, "Look unto Me."

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto me; I am hanging on the cross. Look; I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. O, look to Me! look to Me!" When he had got about that length and managed to spin out about ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued; "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment you will be saved."

Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can. "Young man, look to Jesus Christ; look now." He made me start in my seat; but I did look to Jesus Christ, there and then. The cloud was gone, the darkness of five years had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. O, that somebody had told me that before! Trust Christ, and you shall be saved. It was, no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever say.

"Ever since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die."

If you want to make Satan tremble resolve to be a happy Christian.

Carriage Nomenclature.

It is probable that the idea of a vehicle with wheels, to be drawn by animals, must have occurred to men soon after the domestication of the horse and ox. The first attempts in this direction were very crude. In this country the prevalent mode of traveling for the first two centuries was on horseback, the roads preventing any very extensive use of wheeled vehicles, but, as the country has increased in wealth, and the highways, city and town streets have improved, the demand for public and private carriages has grown to be very large. A writer in the Detroit Free Press gives the origin of the names of some of the most common vehicles now in use.

The popular Hansom derives its distinguishing title from a certain Mr. Hansom.

The Brougham, which was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, took its title from that nobleman.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Hacks were originally termed hackney coaches, because they were drawn by hackneys—a name applied to easy going horses.

The Gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being taken from the French gigue, signifying a jig or lively dance.

The term Coach is derived from the French coche, a diminutive form of the Latin cochlea, a shell, in which form the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb couper (cooper), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

Seldom, if ever, is the full term omnibus applied to those lumbering vehicles. With the characteristic brevity of English speaking races, the title has been changed to "bus." These were first seen in Paris in 1827, the original name being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian cabriola, which is changed to carioleto (cabriole) in French. Both words have a common derivative, cobriole, signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown.

An Awkward Mistake.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher desired him to drive it to his farm and place it in his stable, which he accordingly did.

Now, it happened that very day that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm.

After amusing the farm's family for some time, the organ-man entered the farm-house and asked the